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The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

The public atmosphere has resounded with a confused babel of voices during the past month. In Washington there has been turmoil in the House of Representatives, bitter conflict in the Senate, and feverish activity in the lobbies. In the various States there have been furious battles and feuds in the legislatures. Over the radio the public has listened to charges and countercharges, personalities and invective. In the newspapers, rumors of war and near war from abroad have crossed and recrossed like charged wires.

* * *

Perhaps circumstances could not be more conducive to entering properly into the spirit of Passiontide, Holy Week and Easter. Wearied of the strife and clamor around and of our social ills that seem to know no cure, we should find it easy to withdraw from the multitude apart, to ponder as one alone in the world, the lessons of the cross, to learn to purge our own hearts free from the dross of selfishness and sin, that the vision of a real resurrection may be ours. Then perhaps, we shall be able to look with a clearer eye and a more temperate, selfless judgment upon the great social, economic, and political problems around us.

* * *

We are preparing to supply our readers with a means of informing themselves in a reliable fashion as to the ins and outs of our great social problem. Starting soon in *The Liguorian*, will be a new translation of the great Encyclical of Pius XI on Social Reconstruction, "Forty Years After"—with comments and applications to actual events. Enlightened judgment will follow upon reading and studying this great document.

—X—

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The Mothers of Men

God painted the beautiful morning
And traced all the silver there,
But dearer to me is the silver
He laid in a mother's hair.

Ah, sweet is the light on the waters
And deep is the blue of the skies,
But sweeter and deeper the love-light
That shines in a mother's eyes.

The roses are fair with the dewdrops
That gleam in their petaled vase—
But Heaven's own beauty wakens
In the smile of a mother's face.

Oh God, All the works of Thy Fingers
Are precious beyond all ken—
But this is the earth's rarest beauty—
The wonderful mothers of men.

— R. J. Hearn, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE MASTERPIECE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

When, from his study window, Father Casey saw the St. Mary's children trooping home in every direction, he took his hat and went over to the convent.

He wanted to ask the Mother Superior whether the servers' cassocks could be patched up and made do for the Forty Hours, and to see about free books for the Ramsey children, and — yes — to find out whether a man had come at last to fix that leak in the plumbing.

He rang the front door bell and waited for Sister Praxedis. In a movie or a pious story, Sister Praxedis would have been "the sweet-faced Sister Portress." She did slip off her apron and open the door for agents and bill collectors, but between times she cooked the meals, set the table, and washed and dusted about the house. Formerly, she had been teaching "First High," but over-work in the classroom during the term and over-work in summer school during vacation had caused a breakdown; that is why Sister Praxedis was temporarily dispensed from teaching and was taking this rest(?!).

"Mother has not come in from school," she informed the priest. "She ought to be back any moment now. Won't you step into the parlor?"

The "parlor" was a cubby hole with a piano squeezed into it — the sisters had to utilize all possible and impossible corners for music lessons. Space was at a premium in this dilapidated old summer boarding house, which had been hurriedly made over into a convent for the teachers in St. Mary's School. At that very moment they could hear, from the other side of the thin partition, the agonizing wails of a violin. Sister Cecilia was taking some budding artist through her first lessons.

For the ten-hundredth time Father Casey said to himself: we must, at all costs, build a decent home for the Sisters. This wreck is no place to house the educated cultivated ladies who are spending themselves for the children of the parish.

But even while he said this, he knew only too well that it was out of the question. Why, if the collections didn't pick up before the end of the month, he would be obliged again to ask the good nuns to wait

for their "salary"—the miserable pittance they were promised for their sustenance. A hod carrier, out of a job, would have turned away in disgust if he were offered, for five days' work, what they were *supposed* to receive for thirty.

Time and time again the poor priest had essayed to stir up a holy crusade for the building of a new convent. But the church debt was heavy, the times were hard, most of the people were struggling to pay for their own homes, and — of course nothing was too good for the dear sisters, but — "they weren't so bad off after all."

Whenever a note from the teacher brought Mrs. Malachy or Max Niehaus to the convent, they always found the sisters bright and wide-awake, ready to laugh at a joke and enjoy it. The feminine touch beautifies common-place things, and when it is the touch of a woman consecrated unreservedly to the service of God, why, then, it can work miracles, transform even the dingy, repulsive reception room of a summer boarding house into a series of charming nooks, each with its flowers and ferns, its fancy work and bric-a-brac. The visitors were impressed with the spotlessness, the taste, the home-iness of what they saw; how could they visualize the way the Sisters were packed together in poverty and privation in the part of the house they did not see? And so they were not stirred up to the degree of enthusiasm necessary to lead them to make the big sacrifices required to build a home for the teachers of their children.

The door opened again, and in breezed two nuns. They were bundled in shawls against the cold. Each carried a stack of books and "exercises." They were laughing over some classroom episode regarding which they had been obliged at the time to simulate sternness and grave concern.

Neither was the Mother Superior for whom the priest was waiting. One, however, was the inimitable Sister Majella. He must get a rise out of her.

"Sister Majella," he commanded, "stop and give an account of yourself. What good turn did you do today?"

"Fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, harbored the harborless, counselled the doubting, comforted the sorrowing — meaning *me*; instructed the ignorant and admonished the wayward — meaning *her*." And she turned a stubby thumb towards her companion, Sister Mary Elias.

"And is that all?"

"Of course I also worked at my masterpiece. I am always at that."

"Masterpiece! Ah, so you are writing a book," said the priest.

"Not writing a book — carving a statue," the Sister replied.

Sister Majella's companion gave the priest a knowing smile as if to say: Now we have got her going.

"Beautiful," Father Casey murmured, "beautiful — but — a bit puzzling. You are a very busy woman, and you live in very cramped quarters — as you have more than once reminded me. How can you find the time or the space — is this a large statue?"

"Life size. For space, I have a studio all fitted up for the purpose, twenty-six by thirty-four. There are other statues in the studio, but one is my masterpiece. For time, I have every day from nine till four to devote to sculpture — to the actual work, I mean. The rest of the day I can use for studying and planning."

"Where do you do that?"

"Anywhere, everywhere. The best place of all is a dim, quiet room, lighted only by a little red flame. There is where I get the best inspirations for my art. Indeed that is where I conceived the Model I am trying to copy in my masterpiece."

"Then your Model is purely imaginary?"

"No, no, no, he is real, intensely, supremely real."

"But you have never seen him."

"I have not. Others have though. Those that saw him wrote a Book about him. I have read and read that Book; and I have thought and dreamed over what he said and what he did, until now I know him almost as well as if I had seen him with my own eyes."

"He is beautiful, this Model of yours?"

"The most beautiful," said Sister Majella, "the most beautiful among the children of men."

"And your masterpiece, you mean to make it just like the Model?"

"As nearly as I possibly can."

"You have succeeded so far?"

"Well, no, Father, I wouldn't say that. Still I have been working at it only a few years. And what are a few years when one is creating a masterpiece?"

"A few years," exclaimed the priest. "In that length of time your statue should have begun to show at least some resemblance to the Model."

"It has — often. But just when I begin to see a faint likeness, something happens. It gets knocked about among the other statues and scratched and chipped and stained, so that all the likeness disappears. Then I must chisel and file and polish until I recover what was lost, get back where I started. Then I make some progress, meet with another setback, and so it goes. Once I thought I was succeeding remarkably well, when, suddenly, I came upon a flaw in the material. I had to chip off everything and start all over again."

"That must be disheartening."

"Oh, no, not disheartening — sometimes a little bit disappointing, maybe. You know we are always imagining we can do so much more than we really can. That is why we are so often disappointed, surprised, disillusioned over our failures. But laboring to reproduce such a Model is not disheartening. How could it be? It is too glorious and inspiring, even though one fails a thousand times!"

"Since you meet with so many setbacks in trying to shape this particular block, why don't you discard it and select another?"

"Because," Sister Majella explained, "this one is just too precious to discard. The fact that it is so hard to work shows that it will take a higher polish and be all the more beautiful and durable if and when it is ever finished."

"What name are you going to give to your masterpiece?"

"Oh, it had a name before ever I began working on it."

"Yes, and that was — ?"

"A very, very prosaic name, I fear you will say, — though it is poetry to me. Everybody that knows my masterpiece calls it—er—well, calls it Red Brannigan!!!"

"The biggest scamp in St. Mary's School!" interposed Sister Mary Elias.

"And on my word," cried the priest, "if that isn't himself right now!" They all looked out the window just in time to see that same Red Brannigan slide off the coupling bar of a speeding trolley and disappear down the alley chased by a policeman.

"There is Sister Majella's masterpiece gone to smash," announced Sister Mary Elias.

"Not at all," countered Sister Mary Majella, "It only means," she added with a little sigh, "that I shall have to begin all over again. But didn't Michael Angelo often do the same!" Then, half-defiantly, "Some

day — if you're good — you will see my masterpiece in the Royal Gallery of the Model himself. And you will all be surprised at the resemblance."

THE PROFIT MOTIVE

The following are excerpts from an article in *Scribners'*, written by a business man, of his experience in the ways of the business world:

"One would have to be very naive to think that human nature could manifest itself without sordidness or harshness. But I never imagined that business morality would exclude the very essentials of common honesty and decency. Once I was embarked on a business venture, the whole business atmosphere impressed me with the idea that henceforth only one goal was before me — business success. Every scruple that would lead me astray must be surrendered, and every consideration that would imperil my profits and, therefore, my business integrity, must be forgotten. In business, there is only one thing that is important — business success; and nothing else matters . . ."

After relating some of his experiences, he comes to the conclusion: "After years spent in an atmosphere of deceit, self-advancement, and constant conniving to outsmart and gain an advantage over competitors, I can readily see why a business man makes no concession for the human element in his business. His world does not recognize social or human obligations. If business practice is callous and cruel, he must not be disturbed. Irritations should be dismissed as if life were ordained to be as it is. Business procedure seems to be the normal way of things. If it dominates and excludes the human factor, the reason must be that man is made for business, not business for man . . ."

And so again: "No one who tries to see clearly can underestimate the importance of the profit motive, and how essential it is to incite man's best creative and productive efforts. But must the profit motive be allowed to function as if man were a barbarian? Is success through savage selfishness and indecent struggle worth the price man must pay in losing the finer sentiments which alone make life desirable? No one can foretell the future of Western civilization, whether it be fascism, communism, rugged individualism, anarchy, or democracy. But one can readily understand that if the profit motive is retained, it must be made harmonious with the right of the individual to earn a living in a decent and human fashion."

Barred From Green Pastures

D. J. CORRIGAN, C.Ss.R.

Foreword: At present there is much that prevents the colored people from living a normal Catholic life, — yes, even from entering the Catholic Church. This article is presented in the hope that some of the bars may be let down.

This is the second article on the negroes and their relation to the Catholic church, written by one who has worked in their midst. Its conclusions must continue to stimulate zeal in this neglected field of Catholic Action. — *The Editor.*

* * *

Prejudice: "Is the Pope of Rome a human being?"

Bless me, are we still in the *enlightened* twentieth century? Yet that question is asked by one patient in all sincerity. The colored people, in common with many of their lighter brothers and sisters, have often fallen victims to goblin stories about the *Antichrist* and the *Scarlet Woman* across the sea. Sometimes in approaching them, a priest can easily perceive in their countenances a spasm of perturbation and a gathering of defenses. Once I had almost to exhaust the best of my small stock of jokes before I could elicit as much as a hearty grin from a group of high school girls. At another time, however, as I was passing out of a room, a seven year lad just stood and looked at me and chuckled all over: it was probably the first time he had ever seen a man in "skirts." But as a rule, even in the most hardened cases, it takes just a little interest, a little sincerity, a little sympathy, to find a way into their childlike hearts. Today, as never before, the negro race is friendly and well-disposed toward our holy Faith.

* * *

Legion of Decency: "Father. is this a show that the girls may attend?"

The Sister Superior is speaking.

"No. It is forbidden."

Later a nurse comes up and says: "Father, thank you for not letting us go to that show. We didn't dream that it was bad."

Quite remarkable, when one considers the fact that there are only a very few theatres that they may go to!

* * *

The Irish: "What is your name?" I one day ask an adult. "O'Donnell," he replies.

"Oh, you're another Irishman," I remark — and he laughs.

Now, if you could take a peep into the nursery ward of this colored hospital, you would find that around the wristband and over the cot of each tiny babe there is inscribed the name of its family. Like as not, you would behold a Kelly, a Donovan, a Carroll, a McMahon, a Reilly, a Fitzgerald, or even a Moriarity on that list. They seem to be everywhere, these Irish; but surely we cannot trace the descent of these dusky folk to the Emerald Isle. But how did so many of the negroes get their Irish names? It is all linked up with one of the most tragic stories in the Catholic history of America, — a story of the thousands of sons and daughters of Erin who without priest or sacrament plunged beyond the early boundaries of our southern frontiers. To the poor slave, they later left the heritage of a Catholic name, without the Faith.

* * *

Color: My old prizefighting convert is dying. For a month he has put up a valiant struggle, but now disease is about to demand its final toll.

"Father, I pray in the best way I know how."

Late at night I slip up to his room to pay him a visit. His brother is there, with two lady friends. Turning to the former, the dying man says:

"Brother, meet our Priest."

Early the next morning his soul goes forth to meet his Creator. His body — well, he is too poor in the goods of this world to leave provision for his corpse. But what matters? Though he was never able to receive his first Holy Communion, he was well prepared to die. And if his body must moulder away in a pauper's grave, it will be but to await the glorious resurrection of the elect. In Paradise, there will be no distinction of race and color.

* * *

Needs and Aspirations: "Dear girls, I have said that you need the Catholic Church, that you need all the faith and grace and encouragement that our holy religion can give you. But there are thousands, — nay, millions who need the Church far more than you: they are your own unfortunate people. They have been wronged, egregiously ill-treated in the past, and it is only in the Catholic Church that they can

find a remedy for their many present woes. She has done it before; she has lifted the downtrodden and restored them to all their rights as human beings and children of God. Furthermore, dear girls, the Church needs you, — needs you as good Catholic girls and nurses, needs you later on as staunch Catholic women and mothers, needs you as valiant leaders and apostles, for you can find your way to the homes and the hearts of the colored people more easily than any Priest."

The nurses are entering the sodality. As the Reverend Director ends his sermon with a heartfelt blessing, the candidates — some with traces of tears on their cheeks — come up to the altar rail, there to pledge enduring fealty to the Mother of God.

"As a token that you are a child of Mary, wear this medal of the Blessed Virgin forever over your heart."

Sallow faced moroseness has no place in the Catholic Church. It has ever been our custom to combine solemnity with joy, and into this spirit, as in other things Catholic, these colored girls enter with alacrity. After their reception, they partake of cookies and punch, and sing and dance.

"Father, they will sing their National Anthem for you," says their Sister Superior.

And do they sing! Nature seems to have endowed them with a richness of voice and a love for music. But what catches my interest is not so much their manner as what they are singing. It is really a prayer, a hymn, so truly fitting all their needs and aspirations that I subjoin it here:

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring;
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies;
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us.
Sing a song full of the faith that the present has brought us,
Facing the rising sun
Of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chast'ning rod
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died,
Yet with a steady beat

Have not our weary feet
 Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
 We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
 We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered,
 Out of the gloomy past
 Till now we stand at last
 Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
 God of our silent tears,
 Thou who hast brought us thus far on our way;
 Thou who by Thy might
 Led us into the light.
 Keep us forever in the path, we pray,
 Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
 Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee,
 Shadowed beneath Thy hand
 May we forever stand
 True to our God, true to our native land.

—James Weldon Johnson.

* * *

A Leader: "Father, I am so glad you came up; I want to become a Catholic."

She is a new patient, who has recently delivered her first-born boy. "Well, I'll be glad to help you become one," I reply. "We could begin your instruction today."

"Oh, I've been through three catechisms."

"You have!"

"Yes, I spent ten years in a Sisters' school down in Florida. I've always wanted to be a Catholic. But my parents were Methodists and every time I asked to be baptized they took me out. Then I would get into trouble in the public school and back I would go to the Sisters. There's nothing to keep me back now."

Sometime later this young lady, graduate of a university, enters the one true fold.

Education: "Father, it's a boy."

The speaker has just come rushing down to my room to announce the glad tidings. He is a good young man, a parent for the first time, a daily communicant and one of the finest Catholics I have ever met.

Later the proud young father stands at a bedside, gazing with unfeigned happiness at mother and child.

"Where did you go to school?" I ask him.

"Father, I never had the privilege of attending a Catholic school."

Then with a look of determination he adds, "But this little fellow will, Father."

God grant that he may; but the pupils are many, and the teachers are very few.

* * *

Barriers: "I used to be a Catholic many years ago, but now I'se a Baptist."

"But why did you change?" I ask the woman.

"We moved out of the colored parish and it was so fah we could not afoad the cahfare for the long trip to church. We couldn't get to Mass on Sunday and after a while some friends persuaded me to join the Baptist Church."

Sad? Yes, but it is typical. Exact statistics are unavailable, but it is safe to say that each year many hundreds of negro Catholics lose their faith because "they cannot get into a church."

Another lady is half way through instruction, but now she must leave the hospital. Poor, like so many of her kind, she cannot in reason be expected to make the long journey to the colored parish. But what to do? She wants to become a Catholic. The parish in which she lives is one that bars the colored man.

Strong parochial organization is the backbone of Catholic success. In a fast disrupting world it is the careful zeal of the Pastor that feeds the faithful sheep, that protects and trains the growing lambs, that seeks out the erring members, that comforts and soothes the sick and the troubled; — in short, it is only the close supervision of the shepherd of souls that especially today keeps the flock of Christ together. For the most part, the colored are missing all that. Seldom do they enjoy that social and parochial union which is so necessary for Catholic well-being. Scattered among millions not of their belief, confronted with temptations at almost every turn, so often rebuffed at the very entrances to the fold, they are truly straying sheep without a shepherd. It is really miraculous how some of them hold on to their Catholic Faith.

* * *

The Radiance of a Beacon: A year or two ago, in a certain university (I am not allowed to go into details) the colored race and the colored medical profession were the victims of an unjust discrimination. A negro doctor thereupon approached one of the city's leading physicians, who chanced to be one of those invaluable persons called a "fight-

ing Catholic." Through his efforts the matter was cleared up and justice done.

Later the colored doctor was very effusive in his gratitude.

"Don't thank me," responded his medical brother. "It was a matter of principle for which I would fight till my dying day. God has given all mankind, whether white or black, certain inalienable rights which no university or state or people can take from them."

The colored man pondered these words and decided to investigate the Catholic Religion. For a year he read and attended instruction. Finally came the time for his baptism.

"Is there anyone whom you would like to have as your sponsor?" asked the Pastor who had instructed him.

"There is one whom I would like very much, but I don't know whether I could get him."

"Who is he?"

"A white man, Doctor ———."

The Priest reached for his phone. In a few moments the white doctor was on his way to the baptism.

What a splendid example of the Catholic spirit that sees with the eyes of God the value of each human soul!

* * *

Would to God that the same spirit were general in the Catholic Church! Would to God that in the same Mystical Body of Christ, whose members boast that before the altar kings and queens have ever been leveled off with serfs and slaves, there were no discrimination against the negro!

In the life of every Priest there are depressing moments, heart-rending defeats. But I wonder if there is any more discouraging than such as the following, which most shepherds laboring for the colored have sometimes to face.

The girl is just of an age when hopes are strongest and hurts burn deepest. Reared in an orphanage by the Colored Oblate Sisters, she is forced for want of any other place to go, to pursue her studies in a negro public high school, where, like a lamb among wolves, her spirit is flayed and crushed.

And then one day is heard from her lips: "I cannot go on as a Catholic; I'm losing my faith. Yesterday I was told to get out of a Catholic Church."

If I remember aright, our Divine Saviour once declared "that He would leave the ninety-nine and seek out the straying sheep." I wonder, would He make any distinction if the sheep happened to be any other color than white? Is there not a principle involved here, — a principle that we have been too long compromising? And if we do not soon wake up, will there not be drawn across the beautiful white robe that covers the Mystical Body an ugly, sinister smirch that we shall never be able to wash away?

"Understand, Father, I do not mean to criticise. I love my holy Faith too much for that." Thus speaks an intelligent young colored Catholic. But it is hard to be a Catholic and day by day pass Catholic churches that we dare not enter. I have studied the problem and appreciate all the difficulties, social and otherwise. But can't something be done to better the situation? Why is it that we have so few churches and fewer schools? Why is it that the Catholic Church seems to take so little interest in us?"

* * *

Facts and Arguments: The following are some of the reasons advanced against this truly apostolic work:

Colored parishes are not self-supporting. This is in large measure a fact. But I wonder, is it not in some cases an exaggerated excuse, a salve for a conscience easily put at rest? In some parts of the country there are negro parishes which are self-supporting. Then, too, in most of our large cities there are churches, often situated in large colored districts, almost devoid of white parishioners, now kept open, it seems, for more or less sentimental reasons! Granted that our colored brethren are too poor to erect suitable churches and schools, can we devise no means to help them?

If there were no marriage laws and no sixth commandment, then the colored as a race would make good Catholics. I am reluctant to include this argument; but it is one that we sometimes hear. And does it not recall a situation of long ago, when our loving Saviour drew certain figures on the sand and declared to the Pharisees, "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone?"

Yes, the colored have inherited the frailty of Adam, they sometimes change wives with remarkable dexterity; but given equal opportunity, given parochial and social organization, given the sacraments and Catholic school training, given priestly guidance and encouragement, would

they be any worse than others? There are saints among the Catholic negroes today.

You can do something with the colored of the better class, but not with those of the lower order. This is a rank falsehood. If in any sense true, it would be an indictment against the universality of the Divine Church, whose leaders were commissioned by Christ Himself to teach "all nations."

We cannot spare the men. Is that true, with Bishops turning away candidates for the Priesthood and some Religious Orders pondering, not for financial reasons, the advisability of discontinuing temporarily their classes of admission?

There are Priests and Religious Orders who are devoting themselves to this apostolate. Yes, but how few reapers in the face of all that colored harvest! Barely 200,000 of America's twelve million negroes are Catholic. While fully one-sixth of the people of the United States are practicing Catholics, less than one fiftieth of our colored belong to the fold. It is really the sorest spot in modern Catholic system.

Moreover, the negroes of today are so scattered that no few individual Orders can seek them out and care for them. The time has arrived when it is a *solemn pastoral obligation* to prevent their further leakage from the Church, and to make heroic efforts to gather them into the fold.

PROPHETIC WISDOM

Thomas More, even when he was in the greatest favor with King Henry VIII, had no illusions as to the stability of his position. One day his son-in-law, Roper, was congratulating him on his advance to some new honor, when More returned:

"I find no occasion therein to be proud, for if my head could purchase for the king a castle in France, I would soon have it taken from me."

DISCOURAGEMENT

"Nothing is nearer to pride than discouragement," writes St. Francis de Sales.

And St. Jane Francis once wrote to one of her Sisters: "When you have committed a fault, humble yourself, but do not be discouraged. This humiliation, and love of your own abasement, if accompanied by peace and tranquility, will be more pleasing to God than punctilious fidelity to your resolutions."

An Open Letter

TO YOUTH IN LOVE

There is an old saying that all the world loves a lover. I suppose that is the reason why about 90% of the popular fiction is about love and lovers; why there is no news quite so eagerly sought after and published by the newspapers as the love-stories of the world's prominent figures; why a "love-interest" is said (inaccurately) to be essential to the success of a motion picture or drama. Though the saying may be pushed to extremes in its application, it is near the truth and fairly representative of the general run of mankind.

However, it is usually a matter of little concern to lovers themselves, whether they be beloved of the rest of the world or not. On the contrary, the love of a young man and a young woman seems more than anything else to isolate them from the rest of the world. It creates a world of its own, in which only two persons dwell; in which all things are thought and hoped and dreamed through the viewpoint of the beloved. Unconscious of others, heedless of their gaze, unconcerned with their problems, lovers live, as it were, only in the presence of the one beloved.

Since this is so, it is not difficult to understand, no matter how much we may deplore, the mistakes that have been made by a shallow thinking world with regard to lovers and love. It is a cardinal principle of the era in which we live that love is sacrosanct in itself, that it is its own end and its own reward, that the greatest of crimes is to allow anything to interfere with love. In a few hundred novels a year this principle is incardinated; in thousands of short stories it is the motive force; in plays and motion pictures it is championed with all the zest of a crusade. Yet by universal experience it is contradicted, and by sanity and common sense may be shown to be a delusion and a snare.

Perhaps to formulate my statement in this wise is to cause misunderstanding. Let me be more explicit. It is true that love in itself seems at times to be the only important thing in creation to young people in love. It is true that love, simply as an emotion or feeling, cannot always be swayed by the will. It is true that such love can be the beginning of happiness as great as can be found in the world. But to say that such love of emotion and attraction and feeling is enough of itself to beget happiness, all other factors to the contrary notwith-

standing, is the folly of the world, and the starting point of hundreds of unhappy lives. Love needs to be understood, or at least submitted to in an understanding way, if it would earn the happiness it conjures up in dreams.

The meaning and purpose of love can be understood and applied, only if one understands the way of God in creating the world. He made the world in such a way that rational creatures would be dependent on one another. That dependence is so important that the very fulfillment of the Creator's great plans and the continuation of the world is to be its fruit, following on man's fidelity to the ties that bind him to his fellow men. In order, however, to provide motives in men for living in dependence on one another, to prevent isolation and individualism and selfishness from ruining the world, to urge his creatures to help one another in carrying out His own plans, God placed in the heart of man the strong, impelling force called love. Heart would call to heart and soul would cleave to soul, and by the love that bound them together, they would achieve eternal destinies in the world.

See how clear this becomes, and what nobility it adds to human love, by example. The child, newly born into the world, is dependent on its mother for nourishment, for strength, for guidance, for protection and training. God would not leave that dependence to insufficient motives for its safeguarding. He would not run the risk of having His child, a child whose soul He had created, thrown helpless upon the world. He provided for it by creating a love in the heart of the mother, so deep, so strong, so constant, that He knew, if only a mother were faithful to the call of that love, the child would be safe in her arms. Or again, the love of brother and sister, of friend for friend, is created and bestowed by God to lead them, almost in a sense to force them to be loyal to Him and fulfill His plans. He knew that often a man or woman might be weak and helpless alone, might wander astray from His will; through the love of friends and the inspiration such love inspires, they could be rendered loyal and strong.

So it is with all the loves of earth, so especially with the love of a man and a maid. God places it in their hearts for a purpose, with a task to fulfill, as the motive power that will inspire them to carry out what He Himself desires. The task that God has assigned to such love is that of building a home, of assisting one another to the salvation of their souls, of bringing children into the world and training them to be-

come future citizens in the Kingdom of God. By reason of this truth, two things may be understood about such love as yours, without whose understanding it will never bring happiness to your lives.

First may be understood whether yours is really love — love the motive power for accomplishing the tasks of God. It is not love in the true sense of the word, if it attaches you to one with whom you cannot fulfill any plan of God; to unite with whom would be but a mockery of God's well known wishes. Such might be the so-called love for one still bound by a pledge but broken tie of love for another; or for one whose beliefs and practices and whole philosophy of life would be a daily hindrance to the fulfillment of the plan God destines for those who love. Better far to be helped through life merely by the love of friends, than to give oneself to a love that cannot be for God! Similarly, if what is called love be made but a motive and excuse for pleasures that are evil, for a kind of enjoyment God never intended, it is not love. Such may be called physical attraction or passion or desire or weakness or even lust, but it cannot go by the sacred name of love.

Second, and just as important, is the knowledge gained from these truths, that if love, even lawful love, be separated from its tasks under God, it will soon dwindle away and die. God created love for the work it would do; God destroys love when it separates itself from this work. Right here is the explanation of a thousand broken homes, and many more that are cold and unhappy. Lovers think they may live as lovers by mutual enjoyment alone, and they are the ones who wake one day to find that all love has flown. Husbands and wives and fathers and mothers place before themselves a foolish goal, a day when they need no longer work together, suffer together, strive together, but only relax and enjoy the world. They are unmindful, alas, that when love has no tasks to perform, or when it is forcibly separated from the mutual work it was created to inspire, it soon becomes a dead and lifeless thing, "Love makes the world go round!" True, and when it comes to a stop, when no longer it moves its possessors onward and upward together upon the rim of the circle that has God at its summit, it is love no more, and will bring no happiness at all.

To you who are young lovers, then, this I would ask to be permitted to say. If your love is good, a gift of God, urging you joyously on towards building a home in His world and for His great Kingdom of love, then keep before you always the need you will have of nourishing

it on the burdens you may carry together, on the sorrows and sacrifices you may share, on the toiling required each day in behalf of each other and those entrusted to your care. Then your home will not be broken, nor your hearts; then your love, whose present strength and fullness may seem so changeless, will never change indeed, except to increase in power and joy with the passage of the years. For God will bless if for its fruitfulness, by daily making it more and more the image and participation of His own infinite and changeless love.

Sincerely Yours,

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

THE GOD-BEARER

The old legend of St. Christopher is both a beautiful one to remember and an instructive one to ponder.

Christopher was in charge of the ferry where a certain river had to be crossed by the people. One winter's day, when the river was very swollen, a child came and asked to be carried across. The ferryman lifted the child on his shoulder and started to cross the stream.

At first the weight seemed insignificant. But by the time they were half way across, Christopher found his burden so heavy that he said to the child:

"You are a heavy weight to carry!"

But when he had crossed the stream, he found that the Child he had carried was the Son of God!

So today, do many weary of the burden that is Christ upon their shoulders. For the burden grows heavier as the stream of life is being crossed, and only those who remember that He is God, will continue to bear His weight long.

THE WAY TO A SAINT'S HEART

St. Louis Bertrand, when Novice-Master, gave strict orders to his novices to tell him his faults. It happened several times that when the saint was about to punish them, they would make bold to inform him of some real or imaginary flaw which they had observed in him. He would be so pleased at this that he would at once mitigate the penance in reward for what he considered a signal service.

Less than saints can, by reflection, learn what charity there is, whether intended or otherwise, in corrections rendered by others.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XLIII — TRISTAM LARROQUE (Continued)

Tristam Larroque (1912-25) was always very respectful to the thought of death. He even wanted his folks to discontinue receiving a certain illustrated magazine just because it make death a pleasantry. His big preoccupation was that he should not die without his scapular medal.

"If you die before I do, Bola," he said one day to the servant, I will see to it that you have your scapular medal; but if I die before you, promise me that you will see that I have mine." And she did.

THE INFLUENCE OF A SERVANT

Blanche soon became the intimate of the lad's thoughts and aspirations. Odette's absence from home because of her schooling did not lessen his affection for her, but the company of the servant especially on walks became the occasion of discovering the inner feelings of the lad. How deeply he was attached to this simple servant may be surmised from the delicate compliment he one day paid her.

"This morning," he told her as he returned from class, "I learned that the word 'domestic' is derived from the Latin word *domus*, house; the term therefore means the people of the house. Just like you — you make up part of the house!"

"If I become a missionary," he said on another occasion, "you will set out with me, won't you?"

"I understand very well why you are sad," he told her once; "you have no family anymore. But," he added wistfully, "you have your little Lili!" Some time later he expressed his love for this servant in a rather naive way:

"See, Bolo, I shall always love you more and more, because I have such good parents and understand that of which you have been deprived."

The devotion to duty, adverted to above, became a distinctive mark of the boy. This fact becomes worthy of note, since one of the three defects of his character noted by his sister in her Memoirs was sensitiveness. He fought valiantly against it, but never wholly overcame it. Yet in later years he managed it quite well. One time he had studied

very hard for the tests, and wanted to gain a certain prize so as to give pleasure to his parents.

"What place?" Odette asked him upon his return from school.

"Fifth," was the disappointed reply.

"Poor Lili," said Odette "your hard application surely deserved first place!"

"The place is nothing, Poucette," he answered quietly. "I am satisfied just the same; I have done my duty!"

AN ENGINEER-CURÉ

Tristam was very loyal to his school, and was highly appreciative of the fine education and character formation given him by the Jesuit Fathers at the Madrid.

"Be careful, sonny," said his mother half-jestingly to him when his report showed him second in composition. "I'll send you to the Carnot Lyceum, if you do not work hard. That's nearer home, you know."

"O mamma," he cried, "if I were to lose my soul there? You would not want that! I love my Madrid!"

His love for Madrid was rather amusingly expressed one time:

"If you were only a boy, mamma," he said; "you too might be educated by the Fathers!"

Had Tristam lived he would have undoubtedly become a missionary. His mother one day went with him to the college chapel to venerate the relic of St. Francis Xavier.

"You were very much in my thoughts, while I prayed to St. Francis," she told him on their way home. The boy smiled knowingly and as he looked up into the face of his mother, he said:

"I know why, mamma dear; I too asked of St. Francis that I might be given health if I should become a missionary."

Early in life he took to mechanics, and wanted to know all about machines. His father satisfied him as much as possible in this matter and bought him Erector sets, and later on a little automobile. It was not long and he was able to tell you all about the workings of the common automobile, and could distinguish the various makes with surprising accuracy.

When he was merely three years old he already declared:

"I'll be an engineer on a 'toufs-toufs'." He evidently enjoyed his engineering days as do many other boys, but this soon changed into the rather startling and unheard of calling, an "engineer-curé!"

BUDDING AUTHORSHIP

The boy was obedient almost to a fault. This was rather strikingly illustrated by a peculiar incident of his earlier days. Mother had come to his bed one evening to bless him and kiss him "Good-night," and when leaving put a bonbon upon his closed lips.

"Now don't touch it until I give you permission," she told him. She then left the room and forgot the incident. One hour after she had occasion to go to the same room and there she found the lad asleep with the bonbon upon his closed lips.

He developed the spirit of sacrifice to a marked degree, although he felt such deprivations keenly. There was nothing he wanted quite so much as a little Citroën, a French miniature automobile. Yet he deliberately sacrificed it so that he might have the money to give away in charity. Eating dry bread for lunch at college became an ordinary abnegation for him during the Lent of 1923. At table he ordinarily managed to make some little sacrifice. His greatest sacrifice, however, was the determined struggle against his faults. Odette said that he had three faults, timorousness, lack of order, violence. Very probably his fearfulness sprang from his too great sensibility. He feared darkness and storm and would shudder at the very sound of thunder. He struggled bravely to overcome these fears, but they remained with him till the end. His inveterate lack of order, especially with his toys, was most annoying to his sister. He made many resolutions but these seemed to be quickly forgotten. But his greatest efforts were to overcome his temper. It is a fine tribute to the lad's success that only those very intimate with him knew what a struggle the boy had with himself. At times this temper broke out when dealing with mother and father; he was disciplined for this by being refused the ordinary marks of affection and tenderness, as the kiss in the evening. The boys' sensitive nature was deeply touched by such procedure. Or if his outburst had particularly incensed his parents, Tristram would go to Blanche and Odette, and they would put heads together and lay the best strategem. The various devices tried show the lad not to be beyond what one might call "carnal prudence."

But Tristram was not a sombre lad; he was filled with good fun, and had a special talent for making faces and grimaces, with which he would entertain the household. He was always straightforward and hated any-

thing hidden and dark. Yet with all this, his spiritual character developed beautifully.

Another trait of special interest in this boy, was his tendency to write. He would compose little monographs and type them out on his little typewriter, add a colored page for cover and circulate his creations among the family. Thus he wrote booklets on "The Automobilist," "The Sorry Cook," "Child's Play," "The Wonderful Invention of Mr. Rond-de-Cuir." He also wrote the "Memoirs of Blackie," his little pet rabbit — an amusing piece of imagination. He put together little plays which he and Odette would at times stage. He wrote a two-page poem for the occasion of Odette's fifteenth birthday, and decorated it in festive crayon and design. He read it in all solemnity at the family gathering, even though he did make some mispronunciations.

THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY

Thus the years, few as they were, sped on, and Tristram became beloved by all that knew him. His good standing at school created some envy among his fellows, but no one ever discerned any ambition to stand out among his own. His natural sensitiveness made him suffer at times from his contemporaries, but he accepted that as part of life, and never complained about it. He was in every sense a boy, although of a very affectionate and sensitive nature. Just how he reached out in his spiritual endeavors may be gauged from a little incident, which should not be omitted from this little sketch.

"Please say the rosary with me, Poucette?" he begged of Odette one day.

"O that's too long, Lili," she parried. "I will say a decade with you, but that's all!"

"O Poucette," he pleaded, "I have promised . . . You must!"

"Why must it be?" interposed his mother.

"Listen," he explained, "I wanted to attend Mass without any distraction. Well, I promised to little Jesus that if I did not have more than one, you would say the rosary with me. And this one distraction was not really my fault; it was one of those little rays of the spring sun through the window of the chapel" Odette said the rosary.

It was remarked that the boy would in his play with his auto always manage to get near the church and would then drop in for a little visit. He would kneel near the door and would become so wrapt in prayer that he would not even notice anybody's entrance. The fact that he had

to leave his auto at the church door, caused some people to remark it to his mother. She asked him the reason for his frequent visits, and he replied:

"I have not made any vow, mamma, because I am too little for that, but I have made a solemn promise of never going to the village without entering the church, because Little Jesus is so often all alone!" This happened in the vacation months of 1924.

Some days later, Tristam accompanied his father to do a little gardening. As they worked together, Tristam suddenly asked:

"Does all this that you are doing interest you, daddy?"

"Yes, my boy," he replied, "at Paris I am interested in my business; here in the country, in the things of nature, in the garden, the trees and the bees. And you?"

"I?" he parried. "The things of time interest me less and less."

"What is that, my little one?" the father asked thinking that he had not heard the boy aright.

"Yes, indeed, daddy," he repeated, "the things of time interest me less and less."

"Well, what then?" the father continued.

"Ah, I think more and more of eternity!" was the solemn reply.

PEARLING DAWN

And so it was — the lad's life was seeking its central point. His health had never been strong but the vacation months of 1924 had been very beneficial for him. He went off to school once more and applied himself with his usual diligence. He stood at the head of his class and brought off high recommendation from his teachers. But it was his swan song at the Madrid. Months passed and on the thirtieth of January he brought his books with him as he came home for the noon hour lunch. After lunch he begged his mother to be excused from returning to school, complaining of having a headache and of feeling generally unwell.

"Please, mamma," he said, "don't think this laziness; really I do not feel well at all."

That evening he was put to bed with a fever. Steady rise in fever eventually lead to the declaration of diphtheria and his case was so serious as to warrant only even chances at recovery. A month of anguish of soul for the family and suffering of body for Tristam followed. His mother some time before had had a dream in which she saw that

her boy would die after month's suffering with an infectious disease. The thought haunted her and as the days slipped by her heart fluctuated from hope to hopelessness. The boy could read her feelings and sought all he could to shower her with marks of affection. He proved an admirable patient and bore all lancing of swellings and frequent injections with wonderful courage and gameness. In such times, he would look intently at the crucifix, and no matter how bad the pain he would come through smiling.

His mother thought to have him taken to Lourdes, so as to ask Our Lady to cure her boy.

"I would be glad to go to Lourdes," he murmured, "but I would be afraid to see a miracle!"

"Why, darling?" asked his mother. "Do you think it would have too disturbing an effect upon you?"

"No," came the quiet answer; "but I'm afraid my faith would be lessened. You know," he added smilingly, "blessed are they who have believed and have not seen!"

He remained quite resigned to the will of God, and although he had because of his temperament a fear of death, yet he never once complained. A religious was on his way to the shrine of Our Lady of Victory.

"What shall I ask the Blessed Mother for you, Tristram?" he asked.

"That I be cured!" was the reply. "But no, not that . . . but that I may fly to heaven!"

January slipped into February and the boy grew steadily weaker. All that human science could do, was done, but God wanted Lili. He went once more to confession, and he and his mother received Holy Communion together, and cradled once more in her arms he and she made their thanksgiving in this supreme moment of sacrifice. Extreme Unction followed, and the lad waited for the final call. His last audible words were "Mother! Mother!" And as his mother bent over him and said:

"A little child does not leave without saying adieu to its mother," he opened his eyes and gave his assent.

"You love mamma very much, don't you, darling?" she continued. Again he lowered his eyes in assent.

"But the dear God much more?" Again he lowered his eyes in assent, and never opened them again.

It was February 27, and around that still form the family knelt and with a fine feeling of faith and resignation prayed the *Magnificat* and the *Laudate Pueri*: "Praise the Lord, ye children; praise ye the name of the Lord!"

And with this cry of exultation consecrated by centuries of faith, we might well take leave of Lili in the hope that his memory may prove an inspiration to our own, as it still proves a memory of thankfulness for those who were privileged to know him in the flesh.

THE TEST

An oft told story is that of St. Anthony and the mule that adored the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The occasion of the wonder was the conduct of one Bonvillo, a fallen away Catholic, whom the Saint tried to reclaim. Among other things, Bonvillo scoffed at the idea of Our Lord's Presence in the Eucharist.

Thinking no doubt to put a stop to the Saint's importunities, he proposed a test. He would let his mule go hungry for a few days, and then lead him to the market place and put before him a bale of hay. Meanwhile, the Saint was to carry the Blessed Sacrament from a nearby Church to the spot. If the animal, said Bonvillo, would show some recognition of Our Lord's Presence, and not touch the food, he would himself believe. Surely it was an unfair trial, but Saints know what they are doing, so St. Anthony accepted the challenge.

The appointed time came, and Bonvillo led his mule to the market place. The hungry animal looked longingly at the hay, while his master held him in check. The Saint came, carrying the Sacred Host, accompanied by two boys with lighted candles. There was no hesitation on the part of the mule; it awkwardly, but unmistakably bent its two front legs and bowed its head before its God.

SOURCE OF GREATNESS

When Pasteur, whose scientific achievements have made his name a byword, lay dying, he joined his hand in that of his wife, kissed the crucifix that was presented to him, and lifting his eyes towards heaven said:

"Happy is he, who carries his God within him, as the ideal of beauty and goodness, and who obeys Him. That is the living source of all great thoughts and actions."

Three Minute Instructions

HOW TO MAKE A MEDITATION

Meditation is thoughtful prayer. Anyone can meditate, old or young, educated or illiterate, sick or well.

Any place will do for a meditation. Best, a church or chapel, before the Blessed Sacrament. But also in one's room, or before a hearth-fire, or even in the kitchen.

It is all in knowing what to do, and a little practice. Here are the simple steps in the process:

1. Try to recognize the presence and companionship of God. Ask Him, then, to help and inspire you during these moments of prayer.
2. Read a paragraph or a page from a good spiritual book—one that appeals to you. The Gospels, the Imitation of Christ, any Life of Our Lord, any work on the Christian virtues, etc.
3. Close the book and think out the meaning of what you have read. Concentrate on some particular truth it reveals. Think of it as if God were telling it to you, enlarging on it, illustrating it, revealing it in His human life.
4. Apply the truth to your own life. Is it something new to you? Something you knew before, but seldom thought about? Something you thought about, but seldom applied? Something you could practice today or tomorrow?
5. Speak to God of your need in this matter. Ask Him to help you. Tell Him you love Him and want to know His Will, to remember it, to fulfill it. Tell Him especially you will try to put into practice the truth or virtue or lesson that has come to you from your meditation.
6. Put your intention into the form of a simple resolution. Repeat it several times prayerfully, as an act of love for God. Ask the Mother of God, your patron saint, and your Guardian Angel to help you.

Such is the simple process of making a meditation. It may be made in any length of time—five minutes, fifteen minutes, half an hour. If you are distracted at any point unconsciously, that does not spoil your meditation.

Failure

WHERE DEATH MEANS LIFE

A. W. PATTON, C.Ss.R.

Father Francis tossed to and fro on his straw mat. What a night! Hot and dark and so uncommonly still. Even the usual night cries of

This story gives a tiny insight into the sorrows that are known, and the perils that are endured by the most romantic figures in the world.

the adjacent jungle were strangely absent tonight. The priest knew there would be no sleep for him through all the leaden-footed minutes before dawn, no rest for his jaded, perspiring

body. He tried to turn over, but stopped with a piteous moan as a hot, sickening pang ran through his limbs. Good Lord! was this the strong, fresh health he had brought to this miserable island, just fifteen months ago? Fifteen months — the time seemed rather an eternity! His feverish mind ran back over those long, raw days and sleepless nights . . .

How far distant, now, seemed that morning when he stood fresh upon the sea-sand of the land and watched the burst of dawn? He had jumped for the shore from his little skiff with all the eagerness stored within his young heart by years of dreaming. All the romance of his boyish reading about the Orient, all the enthusiasm of His Seminary days, seemed to have found at last their cherished object. He gazed at the heavy inland growth of the island and he saw only the mysteriousness and the wild beauty of the jungle, he did not see its menace. It was one moment of full happiness!

Then had begun the journey inland with the stolid, black guide. He was going to the pagan tribe of the Anelhi, untouched as yet by the work of missionaries. The sun quickly shot up into the heavens and Father Francis soon saw the romantic coloring of his morning jungle fade out. Dull, dusty-green and suffocatingly hot, the jungle vegetation lost its beauty. It was the young priest's first encounter with missionary reality — the reality that tears off the bright trappings of imagination and leaves the heartless, dry facts. Well, he had been trained to expect hardship; so he whispered a prayer and trudged forward in a heavy sweat after his guide.

After two hours of weary stumbling through the underbrush, the white man and his guide had come into a clearing. There lay the village of the Anelhi. Father Francis saw in a glance the whole field of his

intended labors — simply a long, dusty avenue torn from the forest, with straw huts thrown up pell-mell along its course. The newcomers were espied immediately by someone and in what seemed a moment they were surrounded by a crowd of clamoring, curious savages. Father Francis tried to look lovingly upon the black band as he had often dreamed of greeting the poor benighted children of the forest; but his smile failed — a peculiar feeling of strangeness chilled him as he looked into the faces of the Orientals.

The Chief was brought forward. Would he allow the priest to reside awhile among his people and teach them of the Great God? With his eyes on the priest's baggage, the fat head-man bowed and grinned effusive consent. To be sure the white man was thrice welcome; he would be an honored guest; he could remain forever with us!

So Father Francis was established among the Anelhi. He began his work with great hope. Happily he had spent some time in a special training school on the mainland where he had acquired a fairly good working-knowledge of the Anelhi language. At first too, the natives seemed willing enough to listen to his words, though they continually burst into unceremonious laughter at his language blunders. He never failed to conclude his talks with little gifts from his packings.

There was certainly nothing romantic or encouraging in the physical part of his mission. Father Francis had come to the island prepared for hardship and sacrifice. Well he had them! Installed in a miserable straw hut at the east end of the village, he soon felt the force of the tropical elements. Scorching hot and dusty during the day and sultry during the night, his abode was no palace of Oriental luxury. The native animal life joined the elements of plaguing the alien white man. Swarms of the ubiquitous white ants filled his provisions; scorpions showed a marked predilection for his clothing; and the rats were constant in their attendance during the night. The food was rice and rice and then more rice. The water was black and swarming with insects, but always necessary. It was no wonder that the young missionary's robust body quickly shrank thinner and thinner. No easy thing — that life; yet it was bearable as long as the hope of saving a soul had whispered consolation.

Then came the day when Father Francis went to his belongings and found that he had no more gifts for his natives. He went back to the expectant group of blacks and tried to explain that the little presents

had run out — but, of course, these trifles didn't matter as long as he had the good news of the great God to give them. His fervent listeners politely walked off in the middle of his speech! That episode marked the end of his influence with the adult members of the tribe. Thereafter all his pleas for a hearing were received with bland, expressionless faces or open jeers. The missionary's heart grew more weary than his feverish body.

One thing saved the priest from utter despondency: the friendship of the little black children who never tired of the strange, kind white man. Perhaps he would get the chance of baptising one of the many little children who were being carried off almost constantly by sickness and disease. There was something puzzling about the infant mortality among these Anelhi — once a child became sick, he never recuperated. Nor did the parents at any time seem hopeful when a child was once stricken; they looked upon it as doomed and would allow no one to visit it.

Try as he would, Father Francis could not penetrate the religious secrets of the people. He never missed an opportunity to put a chance question which might ferret out some clue; but he was always met by the wily smile of the Oriental, and some wild myth that he knew was made up for the occasion.

An incident had happened just a few days past which made Father Francis suspect that the people themselves did not really know the cult practised by their priests. The chief had a little daughter called Noela. She was extremely fond of Father Francis, and never missed a chance to listen to his stories of the Great God who became a Babe for love of His creatures. The priest hoped and believed that this child might be the instrument chosen by God to implant the Faith among the Anelhi. Has not this story been repeated over and over again in the history of Church's propagation — the story of whole races and nations being led to Christ through some noble girl or woman? So the good missionary had built his hopes on the simple, bright-souled child as he saw the apathy and dislike of the tribe grow. It was on a morning, just three days before, that the telling incident had occurred. Noela had been sitting in the shade of his hut, listening tensely to his words. Suddenly she burst forth with a fervent sigh:

"Oh, good Father, I want to belong to Him. I do believe in Him. Can I be baptised?"

"I would baptise you, child, but you must get your father's permission. Could you — ?"

"He will never give it. He has sworn that not one of the tribe will forsake their ancestors' religion."

Father Francis saw the opportunity for which he had been long seeking.

"Your tribe's religion — what is it like, child?"

"I don't know, exactly, Father. I don't think anyone knows but the priests."

"The priests! Ah, Noela, can you tell me why none will let me see the children when they are sick and dying?"

"That is the priests' work, Father. Among our tribe it is believed that the dead go to Anamia, the land of rest, if the proper prayers are said over the dying, by the priests. But if anyone sees the ceremony the ghost of the deceased haunts their friends and it can never find the peace of Anamia. The priests always take the sick by night to their ceremonial tent; and nobody is allowed to enter there, as you know, under pain of death. The three priests of the village say that you especially would ruin the charm if you saw the dying person. Do you know what I think, Father," her voice sank to a whisper, "I believe, FATHER! . . ." the girl's speech ended in a muffled scream. She stared with frightened eyes at the bushes at the back of the priest. Father Francis whirled around in time to see a painted face and a black figure disappear in the jungle!

Poor little Noela would not say another word. She went home frightened and sick. The following day when she did not appear at the instruction of the children he became worried and went to visit his little friend. At first Taga, her father, refused him admittance; but the child had heard Father Francis' voice and cried till he was admitted into her sick room. Noela's sickness did not appear in the least serious, and the talk of the good priest soon brought the smile back to the little black face. How in the world, then, was he to suspect that the child was sick unto death? Yet, this very morning, just a few hours after he had seen her, the terrible news was brought to him by her weeping father, Chief Taga. "Noela has gone to Anamia — the land of rest!" Noela had died without Baptism. . . .

* * *

"Good Lord! So this is the end of it all!" thought Father Francis as he lay groaning upon his mat, broken in body and heart. "Fifteen months of living hell, and not a soul saved. And Noela, his little Noela, died without being baptised. Tomorrow, yes, tomorrow I must leave. . . . Merciful God, what is that!"

A scream, a short, shrill human shriek stabbed the silence of the night. After a moment of horror and fright Father Francis jumped from his mat, pulled on his shoes and rushed out of the hut. Not a light glimmered in the jungle blackness! He must reach that person — but how? The priest turned to his left and ran with soft, quick steps up the street. This was the direction of the cry; it had sounded rather near, probably at the very edge of the village street. There was the ceremonial tent of those priests! A cold wave of fear swept the priest and his steps slackened. He peered ahead in the darkness. Those priests had no love for him; if he were caught out here it would simply mean a swift flash of a knife and disappearance. Had he really a duty to go ahead? It was only a wild chance — he could still turn back. Yet, suppose, suppose — ? Francis ran on again. Almost unconsciously his lips began to move to the beat of his feet in the soft dust, "Angel of God, my Guardian dear. . . . be at my side."

A light suddenly glimmered just ahead — it was the square hut of the priests. Father Francis changed his course — he would have to circle and make his approach from the rear. He felt sure — with the sureness of instinct — that the scream had come from that big ugly dwelling there. But how draw close to that den of devils? Only one way possible — he would have to cut through the underbrush at the edge of the jungle; another fearful thought, for the jungle at night meant snakes, snakes striking in the dark! With another prayer, the priest cautiously pushed into the bushes.

Now, he had made the circuit. Dropping to his hands and knees, he crept slowly towards the black wall ahead. "All for Thee, Oh Jesus! Mary, help me! Angel of God, my Guardian — " He saw the glow of a dusky light along the straw flaps. Five yards, three yards, a yard! Breathless he put his eye to the crevice.

The light within was yellow, flickering, lurid. It came from a brazier that smoked and flared alternately near the opposite wall. On the wall hung a huge twisted green image resembling a great snake. Ah, there were the three priests! Their shaven heads bent close together before

the tall brazier. They were busy at something. Suddenly they paused and bent down their bodies low, as if in adoration. Another object arose into view: a table and — !

The first feeling of the missionary was a sickening horror that almost made him faint at the sight before him. He gripped himself — the fiends! Praying furiously, Father Francis surveyed the room as coolly as possible. No one was in there but those three sons of Satan. There, close to him against the wall, rested a short heavy pole: that would do for a weapon. He slipped out of his cassock and slowly, coolly — as coolly as his wrath would allow — raised the corner of the straw flap. Almost flat on the ground, he wriggled through the opening: Thank God for that soft soundless dust! A few breathless seconds and he had the club. A couple more, and he leaped at the kneeling priests with a furious cry!

The priests jumped to their feet. Surprise, consternation, hate and rage chased one another across their fiendish faces at the sight of the Missioner. One of them grabbed at the huge, upright knife of the victim table, but Father Francis' pole crashed down upon his arm. Then weaponless, the black devils backed to the door and fled.

Father Francis reached the door and saw the flare of torches rushing toward him up the street. The tribe had also heard that fearful night cry. If he were caught in the hut he would be killed — for none but the priests could enter the ceremonial hut under the pain of death! He had but a moment to slip back into the forest and back-track to his hut. A soft moan sounded back of him! The butchered child was still alive — he would baptise it! A jar stood against the door of the hut. He grabbed it — thanks be to God, it contained water! No use to remove that buried knife, for the rush of blood would mean death. The fire in the brazier flared up as he raised the water over the head of the child.

"Ego te baptizo in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti."

The child opened its eyes, and a smile of understanding replaced the pain upon the little black face. A light quivering shudder ran over the body, followed by relaxation. She was dead!

"White man — this means death!" a voice cried from the doorway.

Father Francis turned and pointed to the child. "Yes, Taga, it is part of your priests' law — and so is this. Look, it is your Noela."

"Noela!" The old chief rushed up to the sacrifice table. He looked and sent a long, fierce wail up into the midnight. . . .

Father Francis did not leave the Anelhi that morning, nor any morning after. Killed? No, he lived to see his dream come true; for now the Anelhi have one priest instead of three. Father Francis' Noela had led the tribe to Christ.

THE SUPREME COURT

On the first night of a mission, the missionary was met as he walked from the rectory to the church by an Associate Judge of the State Supreme Court, a convert and a man of keen legal mind.

"Father," said the Judge, "several of my friends are here tonight and I pray that they will have the grace to understand that the Catholic Church is the one true Church of Christ."

"Why did you become a Catholic?" the priest asked him.

"Because I have a legal mind," was the answer. "Any man with a legal mind must become a Catholic or close his eyes to the truth. As you know, I have been a successful lawyer and my appointment to the State Supreme Court has made me most critical in my examination of evidence. My analysis of Protestantism showed me that much was wanting. One point seemed to me an insult to God's intelligence. Let me explain.

"We lawyers know that no State or Government can exist without a Supreme Court to decide on the meaning of the law and to interpret the mind of the legislators. If every man could interpret the law as he pleases, there would be chaos and anarchy in a short time.

"Now God is a Wise Legislator and must have left some means, like our Supreme Court, to interpret His revelations and the meaning of His words. In Protestantism, I found no such Supreme Court; every one interprets the Holy Scriptures as he pleases. The Catholic Church alone has a Supreme Court and the doctrine of Infallibility is reasonable and logical, namely that the Pope is preserved from error, when he officially defines a doctrine of faith and morals as a doctrine revealed by Almighty God and handed down through the centuries. Because I believe in the wisdom of God, I must logically believe in the Catholic Church."



More harm is wrought through want of thought,
Than e'er through want of heart.

Statutes of Chinese Catholic Action (Concl.)

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

CHAPTER V. THE ASSOCIATION OF CHINESE CATHOLIC MEN.

On the Nature and Purpose.

Article I: The principal characteristics of the members of Chinese Catholic Men should be these: an unflinching courage in professing and defending the Christian Religion; a most sincere devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary; an outstanding loyalty and obedience to the Pope and the Bishops; a striking charity for members of the Association and other Christians and pagans.

The members of the Association of Catholic Men—as is clear from the Statutes—must be more than ordinary Christians; they must be Christians who desire and seek to be perfect, having the spirit of Christ; that is, they must be imbued with deep piety and animated not by human, but by supernatural convictions. The Bishops pass judgment on the fitness of Catholic men for Catholic Action.

Article 2. Catholic Men, living in various parts of the world, form one Christian family, sharing common blessings from the Saviour's fountains, and having a common hope. Every Christian member should in a special way feel and cultivate the Catholic unity and brotherhood of charity, having always before his eyes these words of Our Lord: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, that ye have love one for another." (St. John, 13/35) As it was said of the first Christians: "They were one heart and one soul." so it should be said of Chinese Christians, who ought to observe with special care the command: "Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood." (Romans 12/10.)

ORGANIZATION.

On the National Directive Council.

Article 3. The National Directive Council is made up of: a President, Vice-President, Spiritual Director, Twelve Counsellors. They are all named by the Apostolic Delegate, after consultation with their Ordinary and the Director General of Catholic Action.

The Directive Council elects a Secretary and Archivist.

Article 4. The Council is to be located in Peking.

Article 5. It is the duty of the Council, under ecclesiastical authority, to promote Catholic Action; to co-ordinate the activity of the various Associations of Catholic Men; to take charge in any case that goes beyond the competence of the individual Associations; to draw up statistical and moral reports on the entire Association of Catholic men; to issue a publication for all the members, and as the occasion arises, to convoke and manage national or regional conventions.

It is likewise the duty of the Directive Council of the Association of Catholic Men, if need be, to present the petitions and assert the rights of Catholics before the Government, in the interests and in defense of Catholic liberty (freedom of worship, religious liberty in the schools, Church property, etc.) and also to defend the civil rights of Catholics. For the discharge of this duty they receive their mandate from the General Council of Catholic Action, which may, in special circumstances, appoint a committee with members also from the other Associations.

Article 6. The council will meet every month, but if the president judges it necessary, other special meetings may be called. The members of the Council living outside of Pekin will be convoked at least once a year.

On the Diocesan Directive Council.

Article 7. The Diocesan Directive Council will be formed by the Ordinary of the place, and will consist of the Spiritual Director and five or six Catholic men, who must be of exemplary life in every respect.

Article 8. It is the duty of the Diocesan Directive Council, under the inspiration and guidance of the Ordinary of the place, to promote Associations of Catholic Men within the confines of the Mission, to co-ordinate the activity of the individual parish or deanery Associations; to draw up a statistical and moral report, which is to be sent each year to the National Directive Council; to refer to the National Directive Council all affairs which go beyond its own competence; to assume, as far as possible, the task of executing all the general directions which may be issued by the National Directive Council.

On Parish and Deanery Associations.

Article 9. The Deanery Associations of Catholic Men are made up of Catholic Men who live within the deanery district and are under the jurisdiction of the Rural Dean or the Director of the Ecclesiastical District.

Article 10. Parish Associations are constituted within the parish limits and are under the jurisdiction of the Pastor or the Missionary who acts as Pastor.

Article 11. Parish and Deanery Associations, as is plain, are altogether dependent on the Ordinaries of the Missions. The Ordinary names their presidents and Spiritual Directors after consultation with the Pastor or the Rural Dean.

Article 12. The Statutes of the Parish and Deanery Association of Catholic Men, proper allowance having been made, are to be brought into harmony with the general Statutes of Catholic Action.

Article 13. Parish or Deanery Associations of Catholic Men are to be federated with the National Directive Council of Catholic Men, by their proper Diocesan Directive Council; and after their erection has been approved by the Ordinary of the place, they are ipso facto considered to be so federated.

Article 14. All federated Catholic Men wear exactly similar badges or emblems, and receive the periodical published by the National Directive Council.

CHAPTER VI. THE ASSOCIATION OF CHINESE CATHOLIC YOUTH.

On the Nature and Purpose.

Article 1. The purpose of this Association is the safeguarding and development of the faith of boys and young men, and consequently the formation of conscientious men, capable of rendering good service to the Church and to civil society.

Article 2. The Association is religious and educative, but in no way political; hence it must altogether abstain from taking part in politics. By no means, however, are Catholic youths forbidden to manifest their love for their country in a worthy and fitting manner and without taking part in political factions.

Article 3. The means for promoting the Christian life of Catholic youths are principally a special devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and an unflinching love for the Catholic Church.

Article 4. As regards the educative part, the Association of Catholic Youth, besides promoting education in the Catholic religion, provides also for the proper instruction of the young men in those matters which pertain to social and civil life, with the object that they be not lured away by the various strange new

schemes proposed or put forward as a means of promoting the country's good, and so be led to abandon the Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth.

Article 5. The Associations of Catholic Youth should not neglect physical culture, but should indulge in gymnastic games with the object of improving the physical health of the young men, and of having in honest recreation a means of more easily bringing them together.

Organization.

(Articles 6, 7, and 8 are very similar to Articles 3, 4, and 5 of Chapter V, and are therefore omitted in THE LIGURIAN.)

Article 9. In more important matters, regarding the general interests of all of Catholic Action, the National Directive Council of Catholic Youth should consult the General Council of Catholic Action, either in the annual General Session or by consulting the Director General of Catholic Action at an opportune time. If any difference should arise between the plans and projects of the National Directive Council of Catholic Youth, and the National Directive Councils of other associations of Catholic Action, the opinion or policy of the General Council, or of the Director General of Catholic Action should prevail.

(Article 10 is omitted in THE LIGURIAN as being similar to Chapter V. Article 6.)

On Associations of Catholic University Youth

Article 11. These Associations will be found in those cities where Universities exist; they are to take in young men of the highest character in every respect, who come to the city from any other place whatsoever in order to make their studies.

Article 12. The nature and purpose of the University Associations are those of the other Associations of Catholic Youth. (Art. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 of Chapter VI.) Nevertheless the University Association will direct particular care:

a) towards supplying the proper safeguards for young men making their studies, so as to protect Christian life, threatened with so many dangers; and likewise for the acquiring of true learning, so that they may be able to refute the errors which pass under the name of science, and practically demonstrate that "the God of sciences is the Lord";

b) towards fitly preparing for the teaching profession Catholics who are studying in the universities, so that they may be of service to the Church and to civil society.

Article 13. The particular rules and regulations of the University Associations are to be taken from the General Statutes of Catholic Action. The Rector of the Catholic University will revise and approve them.

Article 14. The Rector of the University will name the Spiritual Director of the University Associations. (Note: In those cities, however, where there are State Universities, but no Catholic Universities, the Ordinary of the place will see to it that Associations be formed for the Catholic students who may be there.)

Article 15. University Associations are considered as being federated to the National Directive Council of Catholic Youth; hence the Presidential Council of each University Association should send every year a statistical and moral report to the National Directive Council of Catholic Youth, and should consult it in all matters which go beyond its own competence.

On the Diocesan Directive Council of Catholic Youth.

(Articles 16 and 17 are similar to Articles 7 and 8 of Chapter V, and hence omitted in THE LIGURIAN.)

On Scholastic and Gymnastic Associations (Boy Scouts).

Article 18. Scholastic and Gymnastic Associations are Associations made up of the boys and young men of Catholic schools; they are regulated by particular statutes to be drawn up by the Ordinary of the place; they are to be formed according to the general rules of Associations of Catholic Action, and are considered as being federated to the National Directive Council of Catholic Youth.

On Parish and Deanery Associations.

(Articles 19-24 are almost identical with Articles 9-14 of Chapter V, and are therefore omitted in THE LIGUORIAN.)

CHAPTER VII. ASSOCIATIONS OF CHINESE CATHOLIC WOMEN AND GIRLS.

On the Nature and Purpose.

Article 1. These Associations work for the general objects of Catholic Action, but direct special attention to the following matters:

- a) that in the family and in society there be manifested the dignity of women, so completely destroyed by pagan life, and so marvelously restored by the Catholic Religion;
- b) that the Catholic Faith be preached among pagans by word and example;
- c) that if there remain in families anything associated with the practices of pagans, and not altogether in harmony with Christian dignity, it be removed;
- d) that Catholic women unite to take a prominent part in promoting or assisting in works of charity.

Article 2. The members, especially school teachers and the alumnae of the schools, should afford assistance in spreading apologetical books and pamphlets, and in prudently defending and spreading the faith among educated pagan women.

Article 3. In regard to mothers, the Association should take care that they provide even more carefully for the Christian education of their children.

Article 4. Just as the Associations of young men prepare young men, so, making the proper changes and adaptations, the Associations of girls should prepare girls for the faithful execution of the duties for which Providence has destined them, by means of such things as good life, modesty, and study.

Organization.

(Articles 5-8 are omitted in THE LIGUORIAN as being similar to Articles 3-6 of Chapter V.)

On Associations of University Young Women.

Article 9. In cases where Christian young women are attending the Universities in considerable numbers, they will be united in Catholic University Associations. Special rules will be made for them, similar, with proper adaptations, to those which govern other University Associations belonging to Catholic Action.

On the Diocesan Directive Council of Catholic Women and Girls.

(Articles 10 and 11 are omitted in THE LIGUORIAN as being similar to Articles 7 and 8 of Chapter V.)

On Scholastic Associations for Girls.

Article 12. Scholastic Girls' Associations are Associations of the girls of Catholic schools: they are to be regulated by special statutes to be drawn up by the Ordinary of the place.

On Deanery Associations of Catholic Women and Girls.

(Articles 13-18 are omitted in THE LIGUORIAN as being similar to Articles 9-14 of Chapter V.)

Catholic Anecdotes

CURE FOR DESPAIR

The famous French writer, Rene Bazin, tells the following anecdote in a French newspaper:

"I was present," he says, "at a catechism lesson given to a hundred little boys in a parish of Paris. This quarter was poor, and so was the church. When I entered, the Curate was relating the story of the treason of Judas who sold his Master. He ended his narrative with the words:

"'Judas was seized with despair, and hanged himself.'

"Immediately one of the youngest among the boys stood up and made a sign that he had something to say.

"'I did not ask any questions,' said the Curate, 'but what is in your mind?'

"'I wish to say,' said the boy, 'what I would have done if I had been Judas.'

"'Well, what is it?' he was asked, as all the other boys turned towards their companion. But he, quite unabashed, and perfectly determined because he heard the voice of his heart, replied:

"'I would have hanged myself to the neck of the good Jesus.'

"Some of the little ones laughed at the strange idea, but most of them were silent, as the lesson went home to their hearts."

"If these words," comments the *Bombay Examiner*, "fall under the eyes of a soul who despairs on account of his sins, let him go and hang himself to the neck of the good Jesus, and Jesus will press him to His heart."

IDEAL OF PURITY

One of the early Breton kings, Conan Meriadec, it is related, was one day on a military expedition when he saw between his troops and a marshy pool a small white animal. With its nose outstretched, it was running restlessly up and down the bank, and appeared curiously distressed. Sometimes, seeing a leaf of water-lily, it would put forth its paw carefully, and then as suddenly withdraw it.

The king had stopped to look, thinking the animal was wounded. But one of his officers explained.

"My lord," he said, "the animal is an ermine. She is not wounded. What makes her restless is this marsh which she cannot cross without soiling her coat; for an ermine prefers death rather than stain its snow-white skin."

The king advanced a little. The ermine saw him and ran away in alarm. But, coming again to the pool, she halted and cowered. Then the little animal chose what seemed to be the lesser of the two evils, and allowed herself to be taken up in Conan's hands. The king with the end of his cloak wiped her paws, so that they became quite white again.

The king, it is said, in memory of this scene, took as his coat-of-arms an ermine with the device: "Death before dishonor."

THE GREAT LETTER

A military chaplain was explaining the adorable sacrifice of the Holy Mass to a poor uninstructed soldier.

"Can you read?"

"Not even one letter, Father."

"Can you write?"

"Much less; not even my own name."

"Well, is your mother still living?"

"Yes, Father, and what a good mother she is."

"But how, then, do you manage to let her know what is going on?"

"Ah, I have some good friends who write everything that I wish to say for me."

"Well, my good friend," continued the chaplain, "do you know what the Mass is? It is a letter which many of the faithful do not know how to write to that great land to which we shall all go and in which many of our friends and relatives are living already. So, in order to write to this land there is a public writer, one who has studied the language spoken there: it is the priest. His writing table is the altar; the ink he uses is the Most Precious Blood of the Savior, and when the letter is finished, he announces it to all who are present, saying: "Ite, missa est," which may be translated, "Go, the letter has been sent to heaven."

SALUTE

Joaquin Silva and Manuel Melgarejo, students in Mexico, have been martyred for their faith. Just before their execution, Joaquin turned to his companion and said:

"Take off your hat, Manuel, we are off to the throne of God."

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Pointed Paragraphs

PASSIONTIDE

We have a task to perform, we Christians, during the days of Passiontide. It is a bitter and a difficult thing to do. It is a task that will try our souls and pierce our hearts and cause our heads to hang in shame. But it is the price we must pay for love. We have to look on Christ Whom we have scourged and crowned and crucified in the wantonness of our sins.

Listen to His words:

"O my people, what have I done to you? In what have I grieved you? Answer me."

He is being scourged as He asks the question. There is laughter on the lips of the scourgers. There is mockery in the cries of the bystanders. There is a sickening sound as the whips of sinful passion cleave through the air. There is a terrifying scream of the thong and steel as they strike upon yielding flesh, and return with a cloak of blood. But through the mocking cries of the sinner, his words still sound:

"O my people, what have I done to you?"

He is being crowned with thorns as He asks the question. The thorns are sharp and they are many, but so are our sins of pride. They shall not rest lightly upon His brow. Take a rod of steel and smite them, drive them deep and far, let His brain reel at their touch, and His blood bespatter His sacred features. He is a King crowned by His own rebellious people,—with a crown of thorns. And still He cries:

"O my people, what have I done to you?"

He is nailed to a cross as He cries. The hammers are heavy and the nails are long, but the will of man is strong enough for the blows. Drive them deep, these nails of sin, through the muscle and flesh and nerve, drive them through to the creaking wood till His body is fast. Then raise Him up, let Him hang suspended, and stand back and survey the deed.

But still you will hear His cry:

"O my people, what have I done to you? In what have I grieved you? Answer me. I have led you out of the land of bondage. I have

brought you into a place of plenty. With a kindly love I have loved you. . . . But you have prepared a cross for your Saviour."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

"There is no persecution in Mexico," said President Cardenas when the question of an investigation of his country was recently raised in Washington.

Let his word be tested by the following. Subjoined is an excerpt from the pledge that is required of every teacher in the State of Yucatan before being allowed to take up the work:

"I, . . . , before this board of federal education, solemnly declare without reservation of any sort, my adherence to the program of the Socialistic school and promise to be a defender of it. I declare myself an atheist, an irreconcilable enemy of the Roman Apostolic Catholic religion and that I shall strive vigorously to destroy it, ridding the conscience of all religious belief and being ready to fight against the clergy in the field whenever this may be necessary. I declare myself to be ready to take a principal part in the campaigns for the 'defanaticization' and to attack the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion wherever there is need shown. . . ."

And here are excerpts of one of many handbills circulated in Mexico City on February 14th, 1935, placed chiefly in the hands of children:

"If your tyrannical parents prevent your attendance at the schools that the Revolution has prepared for you, *despise them*.

"Neither favor nor gratitude is due them, for you were not the fruit of their pain but of their vile pleasure.

"They want to keep you always in the fanatical and egoistic darkness of their despotic rule, they want you to follow like an abject slave their stupid caprices as they did those of their backward ancestors. *Hate them*. . . .

"Take an example from youths who have succeeded in destroying the brutal yoke and inhumanity of their exploiting progenitors and of the hypocritical clergy. . . . Do not remain behind. Break the bestial yoke of your so-called father and your so-called mother and hurry to unite yourself with your free companions who are in the schools of the Revolution making common cause with their protectors: the Socialistic Teachers."

The lie on the lips of Cardenas needs no further evidence than this.

VIVA CRISTO REY!

Further proof of the Cardenas lie strikes home to ourselves in the recently reported brutal murder of a Redemptorist. Thus writes one who knew the martyr:

"Father Misael Abia, C.Ss.R., is one of the latest victims of official Mexico's hatred of God and of the Church. A man of intense faith, great zeal for souls, consumed by a burning love for the spiritual and temporal welfare of Mexico, and absolutely fearless — he returned to exercise his priesthood, though he knew that thereby he ran the risk of losing his life.

"Exiled — he addressed an open letter to Calles, and another to the self-styled "Patriarch" Perez, founder of the abortive Mexican National Schism. In exile, too, he composed and published a novena in honor of Christ the King. A refugee, he helped to shield Mexico's bishops from spies and other agents of Calles and his henchmen.

"He obeyed God rather than man. He went back in spite of the dangers, in spite of unjust laws, in spite of imminent danger of death. He went back to win the martyr's crown — dying from blows suffered when he was rudely, forcibly expelled from his house and church in Pachuca.

"And we who knew him — though details of his death have not come to us — feel sure that, if not from his lips, then in his heart, there rang out the martyr's act of faith:

"Live Christ the King! — Viva Cristo Rey!"

"How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? . . . And it was said to them, that they should rest for a little while, till their fellow servants and their brethren, who are to be slain, even as they, should be filled up." How long until the blood of the martyrs will mount up and quench the flames of persecution?"

NEWSPAPER PICTURES

It was an editor of a newspaper journal who penned the following lines during the past year, at a time when quite a few strikes were in progress:

"Pictures don't lie! Do tell!

"Three responsible reporters working on the New England mill strike have reported to me that certain photographers from Boston and New York newspapers have not only faked pictures to indicate violence

in (a certain) labor disturbance, but have actually encouraged young hoodlums to assault guards and thus start action for pictorial purposes.

"There was eye-witness proof that several strike pictures were posed fakes, for instance, one showing a striker's bandaged head and another a bruised back, all doctored up with mercurochrome to gain bloody effects, and paid for at the rate of \$5 a shot. Boys in Hollywood spirit were led into flinging apples and rocks at mill guards to 'start something' for cameramen.

"Apparently, there isn't enough hell in the world for the sensation mongers, so they invent more, trifling with human life and with the good name of the American press.

"I'm just an old foggy to complain of such things, of course, but my criticisms will be valid some day when public indignation boils over and scalds the press, guilty and innocent alike, as it has recently done in the case of the movies."

AGAIN — NO PERSECUTION

While we are speaking of persecution, let us place before those who have read whitewashing books or listened to namby-pamby lectures about the Russian Soviet, a few facts that have been gathered and published by the Osservatore Romano:

"Latest figures show that 67 bishops and 18,500 priests have died in Soviet prisons or concentration camps,—most of them barbarously killed by the agents of the Cheka or Russian secret police.

"During the whole Bolshevik regime 200 bishops and 27,000 priests were arrested, and 28,000 churches or chapels have been closed."

SPIRITUAL MAXIMS

The following are expressions that the saintly parish priest of Ars used often to repeat:

"We are in this world only as in a warehouse, for a brief space."

"For our body, death is only a washing."

"In dying we make restitution."

"When you go to Confession, you must understand what you are about to do; you are about to *un-nail* Our Lord."

"We should make the Sign of the Cross with great reverence. We begin with the head—that is the chief, the Creator, the Father; then the heart, love, life, Redemption, the Son; then the shoulders, strength, the Holy Ghost."

"Everything is a reminder of the Cross. We ourselves are made in the form of a cross."

✠-----LIGUORIANA-----✠

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

PRESENCE OF GOD

Never forget God's sweet presence, as do the greater part of

**From "How
to Pray at
All Times"**

men. Speak to him as often as you can, for He does not grow weary of this nor disdain it, as do the lords of the earth. If you love Him, you will not be at a loss what to say to Him. Tell Him all that occurs to you about yourself and your affairs, as you would tell it to a dear friend. Do not look upon Him as a haughty monarch who will converse only with the great and on great matters. He, your God, is pleased to lower Himself to you, and to hear you communicate to Him your smallest and most ordinary concerns. He loves you as much — He has as much care for you — as if He had no one else to think of but you. He is as completely devoted to your interests as though the only end of His providence were to help you, of His almighty power to aid you, of His mercy and goodness to take pity on you, to do you good and to win by His kindness your confidence and love. Manifest to Him, then, freely your whole state of mind and pray to Him to enlighten you that you may perfectly accomplish His holy Will. Let all your desires and aims be directed to learn His good pleasure and to do what is agreeable to His divine Heart: Commit thy way to the Lord; and desire of Him to direct thy ways and that all thy counsels may abide in Him. (Ps. 36-5 and Tob. 4-20.)

Say not: Why disclose all my wants to God, since He already sees and knows them better than I

do? Yes, He knows them; but He acts as if He did not know the needs about which you do not speak to Him and for which you do not seek His aid. Our Saviour knew that Lazarus was dead, and yet He acted as if He did not know until Magdalen told Him of it; it was then that He comforted her by bringing her brother back to life.

MARY'S POWER

Saint Brigid one day heard Our Lord say to the Blessed Virgin:

**From "Preparation
for Death"** "Mother, you would show mercy to the devil himself, if he were humble enough to ask for it." Satan in his pride will never humble himself to do this; but if he did, and would beg her for help, she would use her powerful intercession to free him from hell.

And the meaning of this vision was that when a sinner comes to Mary, and humbly prays to her, no matter how steeped in crime he may be, she does not look at his sins, but only at the intention he has in mind; if he sincerely wishes to amend, she welcomes him to her heart, and heals the wounds of his soul.

~

To keep alive in the flame of the love of God, we must make frequent acts of the love of God during the day.

~

How strange! Men are so careful about the things of time, and so reckless about the things of eternity!

Book Reviews

LITURGY

Praying the Mass. (The Catholic Action Series of Study Club Textbooks—Vol. I, No. 3.) By Rev. John J. Butler and Angela A. Clendenin. Published by Catholic Action Committee of Women, Wichita, Kansas. 68 pages. Price 25 cents each.

Praying the Mass is the third in a series of studies on the Mass prepared under the auspices of the Catholic Action Committee of Women of the Wichita Diocese. Following an introduction by the Rev. Leon A. McNeill, M.A., and certain brief, yet clear and sufficient, suggestions on the organization of a study club, the study of the Mass in its component prayers is carried through eight chapters or divisions. Topics for round-table discussion as well as subjects of longer papers are proposed. References are made to the Catholic Encyclopedia and there is a list of other sources. This booklet is both commendable and worthy of attention. Its value and appeal would probably be enhanced if the matter were presented in a more popular style; again, the use of subtitles would not only break the solid pages but help to impress and clarify the matter; and a re-arrangement of some of the paragraphs in the first and second chapters to follow a more logical order rather than the one adopted would probably appeal to many readers. — M. S. B.

PHILOSOPHY

Catechism of Psychology for Nurses. By Rev. Hilarion Duerk, O.F.M. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y. 243 pages. Price, \$2.00. Postpaid, \$2.25.

That there is room in the library of Catholic text-books for one like this will not be disputed. The current overcrowding of the nursing profession should undoubtedly make for higher requirements for those admitted and more thorough courses of instruction and training. At no point can such training be best enlarged upon for the nursing profession than in the field of psychology, since knowledge of the soul and its activities are of such prime importance in the care of the body. For all that, we cannot recommend very highly the present volume. There will always be difficulty in presenting a clear view of philosophical

matters in question and answer form; but in this instance the difficulty is added to because many of the questions do not ask anything to speak about, and many of the answers are either unenlightening or misleading. It has been said that only an expert in any field can write a good primer; perhaps that explains the weakness of this one. At any rate, it is saddening to be reminded of the languishing state of scholastic philosophy in America by innumerable questions and answers such as the following: "What is the main aim and purpose of Scholastic Psychology? Answer: To demonstrate clearly and emphatically that in all psychological philosophy there is no discrepancy between reason and revelation."

— D. F. M.

DEVOTION

A Rosary Project. By Caroline M. Bouwhuis and Mary Galmbacher. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 40—6 pages. Price, 10 cents.

A full and detailed explanation and instruction on the meaning and manner of saying the Rosary, arranged in different lessons for the guidance of a teacher. The various kinds of prayer, the value of the prayers of the Rosary, the kind of meditation used in the Rosary, and the events of the fifteen mysteries with their applications to life are all well presented. An excellent introduction for converts or children.

Two Brothers. Father Theodore and Father Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne. Published by the General Center of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel of Notre Dame de Sion, 3823 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo. Price, 10 cents; 100 copies, \$6.00.

The remarkable story of these two brothers, converted Jews, should add impetus to the apostolate in behalf of the Jews wherever it is known. Transformed from enemies of Christianity to fervent apostles, one by a miracle, the two brothers dedicated their lives to the conversion of their race. It is hoped that this pamphlet will find a prominent place on all parish ranks, from which it may reach out in the secret ways of God to the waiting hearts of many of the "once chosen race." — D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

The Most Rev. Joseph Francis Rummel, D.D., bishop of Omaha, Nebraska, has been named archbishop of New Orleans, to succeed the late Archbishop Shaw, who died November 2, 1934. Archbishop Rummel was born in 1876, educated in New York and St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., and at the North American College in Rome. Ordained in 1902, he performed pastoral duties in the archdiocese of New York until he was named bishop of Omaha on March 30, 1928.

The Right Rev. William R. Griffin, pastor of St. Andrew's Church in Chicago, has been named auxiliary bishop of La Crosse, Wisconsin. He was born in 1881, studied for the priesthood at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, and served as secretary under Bishop McGavick, now of La Crosse, when he was auxiliary bishop of Chicago.

The Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, archbishop of San Francisco, chairman of the Administrative Committee of the N. C. W. C. since its establishment in 1919, has resigned his See. The Most Rev. John Mitty, up to this time coadjutor to Archbishop Hanna, automatically succeeds him.

The Most Rev. Pascual Diaz, archbishop of Mexico City and Primate of Mexico, was arrested early in March by Mexican government officials while returning from a visit to a nearby town. He was held a prisoner for 24 hours, without sleep or means of communication, then made to pay a fine for alleged violation of the Mexican anti-religious laws. It was said that he had taken part in the celebration of a religious feast, which the Archbishop denied.

The Very Rev. Anselm M. Keefe, O. Praem., rector of St. Norbert's college in West de Pere, Wis., has resigned as president and member of the local Rotary club in protest against the action of Rotary International in placing the 1935 convention in Mexico City. Such action, says Father Keefe, gives moral support to the Mexican persecution, and outrages the principles of every right-minded American citizen. Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque has indicated his intention of forbidding his priests to have anything to do with the Rotarian Society if the convention is held in Mexico City.

Governor-General Frank Murphy, of the Philippine Islands, a Catholic from Detroit, Michigan, has received special commendation from President Roosevelt for his excellent administration of the Island's affairs. He has wisely directed the finances of the country, and has conducted a rule that has been singularly without friction or trouble.

The Catholic Home Finding Association of Illinois, an activity of the Knights of Columbus, has placed 2,014 Catholic orphans in family homes and had 1,339 permanently adopted in the past 20 years.

Princess Josephine of Belgium, sister of the late King Albert, has become a member of the Benedictine Community of St. Lioba at Gunnersal, near Freiburg, Switzerland.

Miss Alicia Adelaide Needham, composer of some 700 songs, including 100 for use in American schools, among the best known of which is "My Dark Rosaleen," has been received into the Catholic Church in England, where she now resides.

The Rev. Seldon P. Delaney, recent convert minister from Anglicanism, speaking informally to the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in New York, stated that most intelligent non-Catholics in this country are watching the lives of individual Catholics and Catholic institutions to find an answer to the problems that disturb their lives. Illustrating by his own experience, he affirmed that non-Catholics know that the Catholic Church is the greatest of the Christian bodies and has a glorious history stretching back to the Apostles, but are making a study of her claims mostly through the lives of Catholics.

Places:

In *Alabama*, the so-called "Convent Inspection Act," which has been on the law books for 15 years, has been repealed by the State Legislature. The law, called by one Senator "the crowning glory of the Ku Klux Klan," provided that all public or private hospitals, reformatories, houses of detention, convents, secular seminaries, schools or other institutions in the State were to be subject to inspection at all times between 8 A. M. and 7 P. M. by inspectors appointed by the Governor; and fixed a fine for any interference with the inspection. The law was one of the issues on which the 1918 legislature rode into office.

In *Utah*, a bill introduced into the House of Representatives and designed to force lawyers, doctors, and confessors to reveal knowledge of crimes received in their professional capacities, and making them accessories of crime upon refusal, has been unfavorably reported in a unanimous vote by the Judiciary Committee of the House. A universal protest of Catholics and others immediately followed the introduction of the bill.

In *Philadelphia*, the regulation prohibiting Catholics from all attendance at motion picture theatres has been reinforced by Cardinal Dougherty. The ban was issued last May, and the Cardinal, in reaffirming it, stated that the theatres are still occasions of sin; that while now and then a good reel is shown, the bad ones still prevail. More than 300,000 written pledges to avoid the theatres have been sent to the Chancery by Philadelphia Catholics.

In *Ohio*, while vigorous protest is being made by the Ohio Council of Churches against the bill before the legislature providing State aid to private colleges and schools, it is found that for many years the Wilberforce University at Xenia, Ohio, conducted by the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has been receiving State money. For the coming two years, this school asks from the State \$581,771 for current expenses, and \$350,800 for improvements.

In *Montana*, a bill has been introduced into the legislature providing free textbooks for the children of private schools as well as for those of tax-supported schools. A similar bill was defeated in the last session of the legislature. Promoters of the bill show the saving to the tax-payers effected by private and parochial schools.

In *Illinois*, a resolution calling upon the United States Government to act through proper officials in condemnation of religious persecution in Mexico has been passed by both houses of the Legislature. The Senate voted 27 to 6 in favor of the resolution.

In *England* inquiries are being made in the House of Commons as to the persecution in Mexico. Investigations are being made as to whether English subjects residing in Mexico are being hindered in the practice of their religion.

In *New York City* there are about 325,000 negroes in the Harlem district; of which number, only about 5,000 are Catholics.

Lucid Intervals

Two Scotchmen staying at a third-rate hotel in London, discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After they had rung the bell an attendant appeared and asked their wishes.

"Sen' up sape, lad; a wee bit sape, quick!" exclaimed one of the Caledonians.

The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two men, muttering, "They ain't Frenchies, nor Etalyians, nor yet Spanish. What can they want?"

The Scot became angry. "Mon," he thundered, "Can ye no understand plain Scotch?" The attendant promptly withdrew and returned with a bottle and two glasses.

*

The teacher of a school had sent a note home with Jennie, asking her parents to buy her a grammar, and received the following answer:

"Missus Teacher: I do not desire that Jennie shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her to ingage in more useful studies, and I can learn her to speak grammar myself. I went through two grammars and can't say as they done me no good anyhow."

*

"What is your favorite chapter in the Bible, Uncle Ajax?" a darkey was asked.

Uncle Ajax smacked his lips. "Dat one which tells about the twelve opossums, sah," he replied.

*

From a pupil's composition on Courtesy: "When a lady and a gentleman are walking on the pavement, the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

*

Uncle, to little girl he is bouncing on his knee: "Do you like riding on my knee?"

Muriel: "Not much. You see, I once had a ride on a real donkey."

*

From a pupil's composition: "I had an ample teacher last term. He taught us to do three things. First, how to write briefs and then to exaggerate them; second, how to extract substances from novels; and last, how to interrupt poetry."

The editor of a widely read farm paper continually received all sorts of letters from all sorts of people. One day he received two letters—one from a farmer who wanted to know a method of ridding his orchard of the grasshopper plague and another from an anxious mother who was having a great deal of trouble with her baby twins, who were teething. The editor dictated the replies, but the stenographer got those replies mixed with the result that the farmer received this letter:

"Wrap flannel cloths around their throats. Rub their gums and massage their stomachs thoroughly twice a day."

The anxious mother, on the other hand, received this startling advice:

"Cover with dry straw. Soak thoroughly with kerosene oil and apply a match. The little pests will soon stop bothering you."

*

Lady (at almond counter): "Who attends to the nuts?"

Wise Guy: "Be patient, I'll wait on you in a minute."

*

Teacher: "Tommy, can you spell 'fur'?"

Tommy: "Yes—'f-u-r,' fur."

Teacher: "Correct. Now tell me what fur is."

Tommy: "Fur is an awful long ways off."

*

Office Boy: "Please, sir I think someone wants you on the telephone."

Chief: "Now, what is the use of saying you think I am wanted? Am I wanted or not?"

Office Boy: "Well sir, someone rang up and said, 'Is that you, you old idiot?'"

*

A school teacher asked the pupils to write a short essay and to choose their own subjects.

A little girl sent in the following paper: "My subjeck is 'Ant.' Ants is of two kinds, insects and lady uncles.

"Sometimes they live in holes and sometimes they crawl into the sugar bowl, and sometimes they live with their married sisters.

"That is all I know about ants."

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Motion Picture Guide

Note: While the season of Lent continues, and especially during Passion Week and Holy Week, we remind our readers that it is the urgent wish of the Church, and should be the desire of their own hearts, that they remain away from public amusements and entertainments in a spirit of penance.

Nevertheless, because attendance at theatres is not strictly forbidden, and in order to keep the records complete, as well as to keep before the minds of all the aims of the Legion of Decency, we submit the usual guide to banned motion pictures. During this time more than ever, Christians should resolve anew to be faithful to their Decency pledges.

Not recommended, because partially bad either in subject matter or in treatment:

Biography of a Bachelor Girl
Broadway Bill
By Your Leave
Camille
The Captain Hates the Sea
The Case of Elinor Norton
Case of the Howling Dog
Dangerous Corner
Flirting With Danger
Forsaking All Others
The Gay Divorcee
I Sell Anything
Kansas City Princess
The Merry Widow
Million Dollar Ransom
Name the Woman

Night Life of the Gods
Outcast Lady
The People's Enemy
Power
The Private Life of Don Juan
Pursued
Pursuit of Happiness
Redhead
The Right to Live
The St. Louis Kid
The Secret Bride
Soviet Russia
Ticket to a Crime
Times Square Lady
Transatlantic Merry Go Round
Without Children

The World Accuses

Considered wholly indecent and immoral:

The Firebird
The Gay Bride
Guilty Parents

High School Girl
Scarlet Empress
Straight from the Heart

White Heat